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Mother of Mine

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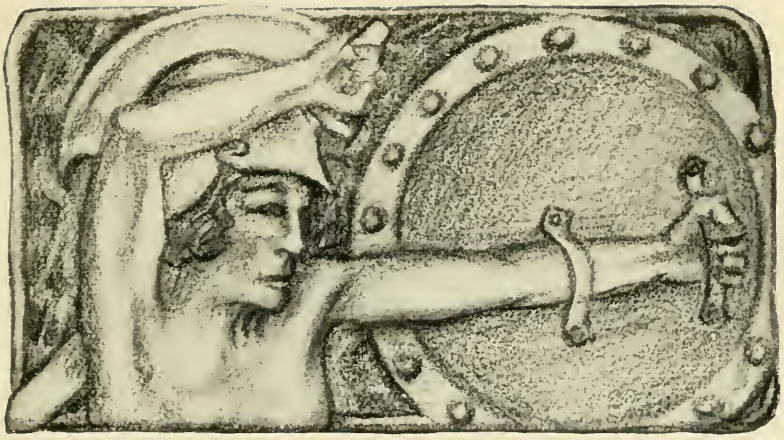

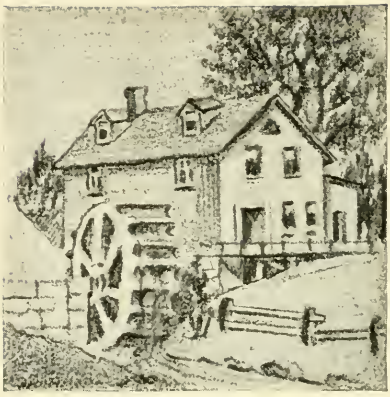

MOTHER of MINE

By John Frederic Hessel

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John Frederic Hessel

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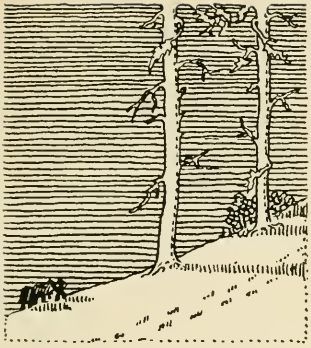
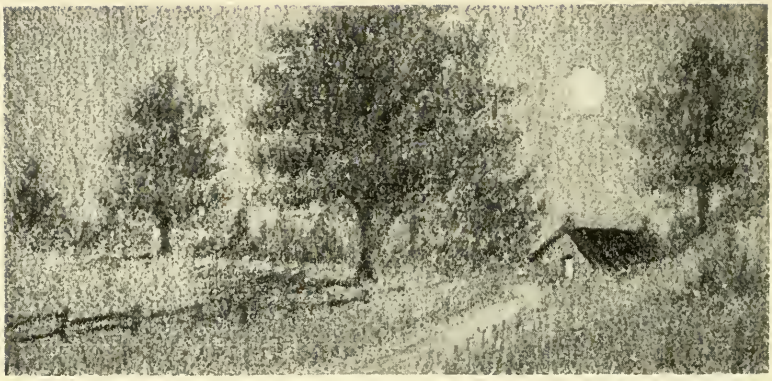


ORNAMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By

ISADORE LIPTON

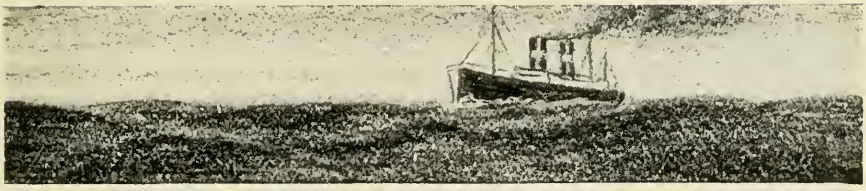


DEDICATED

to

Fond Memory of other Days

"OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken."



"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

Mothers' Day, _____ 19___

MOTHER OF MINE

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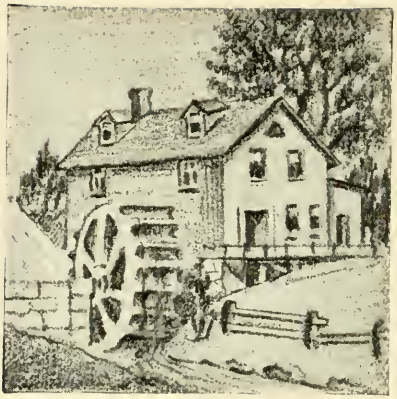
reminiscences or private messages.

A Tribute to a Mother



FOREWORD

"AMONG human relations, the love of a good mother for her offspring is, in a class by itself. In other words, it is unique, especially unique in fact. Unique because there is nothing else like it in this big world in which we all live and have our being. Especially unique because it is ever-trustful, ever-devoted, ever-forgiving, ever-tender, ever-unchanging, ever-enduring."—*Johnson.*

"The friends who leave us do not
feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it, who must
stay
Lamenting day by day.
And knowing when we wake upon
the morrow,
We shall not find in its accus-
tomed place
The one beloved face."

MOTHER O' MINE

"IF I were hung on highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know that your love would follow still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drown'd in deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know that your tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were lost of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know that your prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

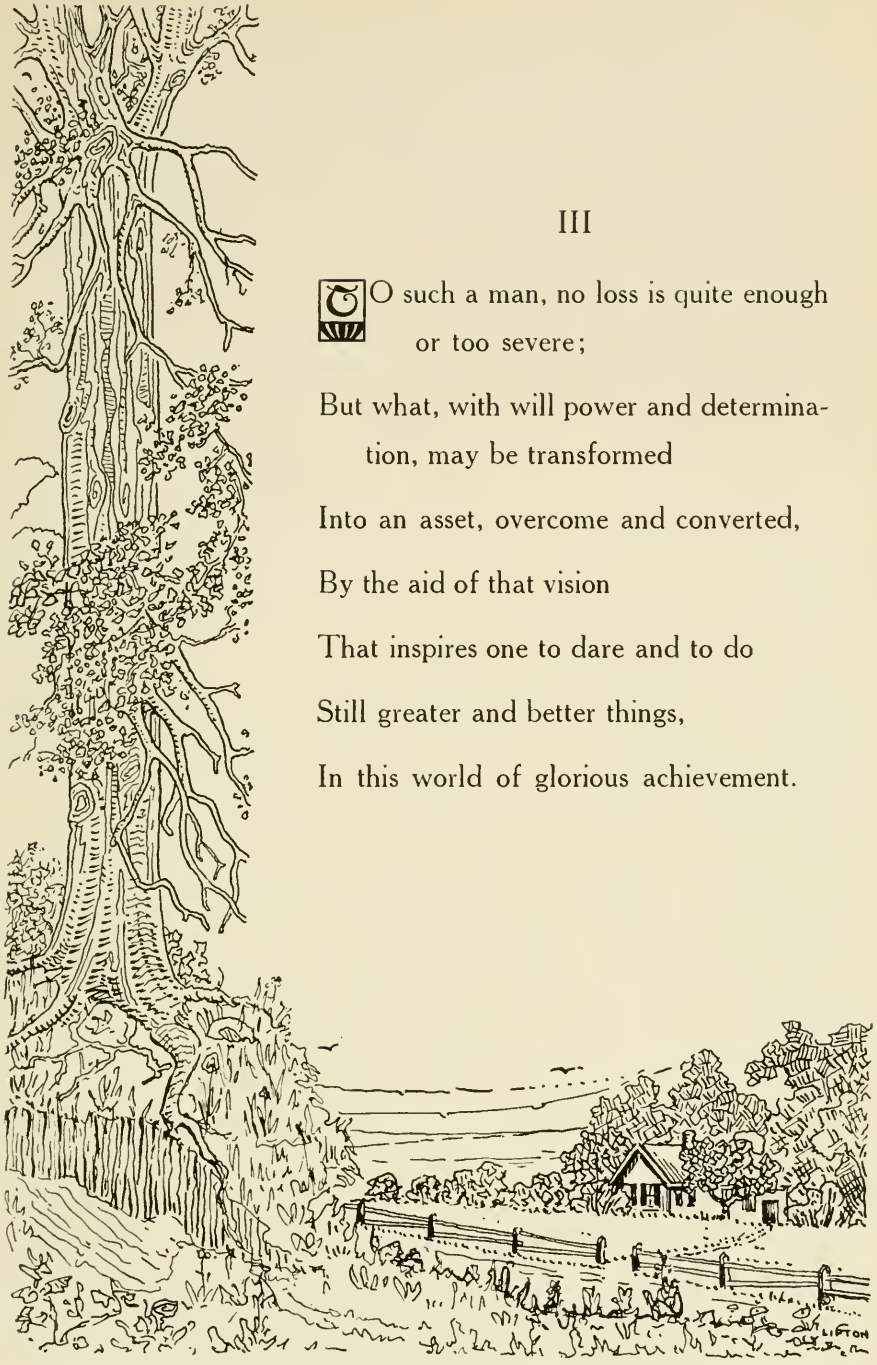
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

I

ON being asked, "What is your religion?"
he replied,
"My mother is my religion, and my
daily prayer
Kipling's Mother o' Mine."
What more of a religion does one
really need,
And where in the English language do
we find
Such few words that so fully measure
A mother's love and her devotion?

II

AS we saunter through this vale
of tears,
Strong, virile, debonair, crowned
with victory,
Fighting battles, crushing enemies, planning
and constructing,
Sometimes with success, other times
with failure,
Sometimes with loss, other times
with gain.
Obsessed we become, with a still
stronger determination
To repair that loss, to retrieve
that failure,
To regain not only that which
is lost,
But manifold additions, to be offered at the
shrine of success and power.



III

TO such a man, no loss is quite enough
or too severe;

But what, with will power and determination, may be transformed

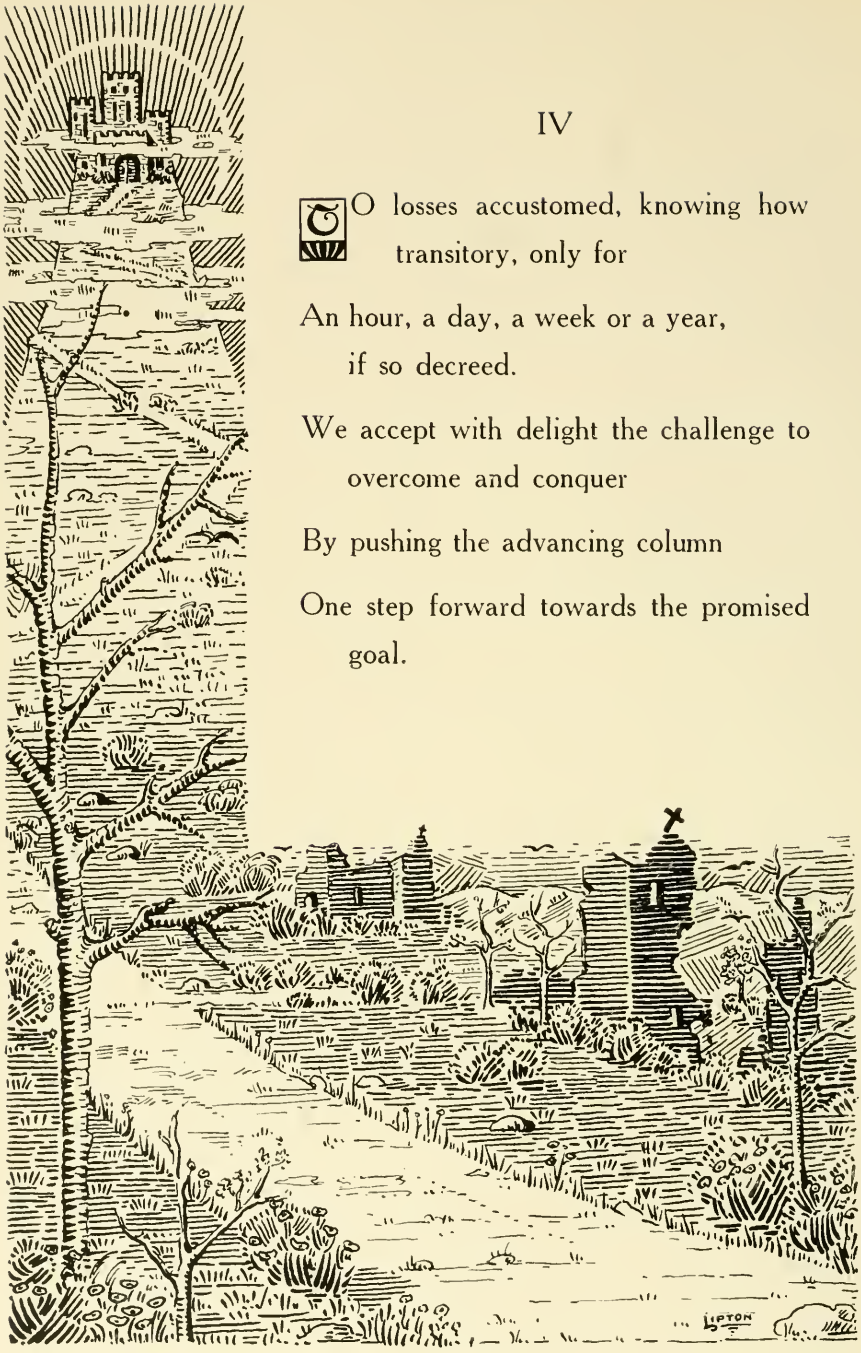
Into an asset, overcome and converted,

By the aid of that vision

That inspires one to dare and to do

Still greater and better things,

In this world of glorious achievement.



IV

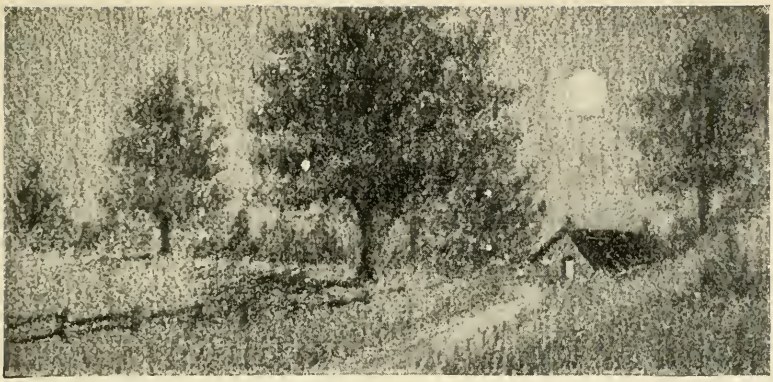
TO losses accustomed, knowing how transitory, only for

An hour, a day, a week or a year,
if so decreed.

We accept with delight the challenge to overcome and conquer

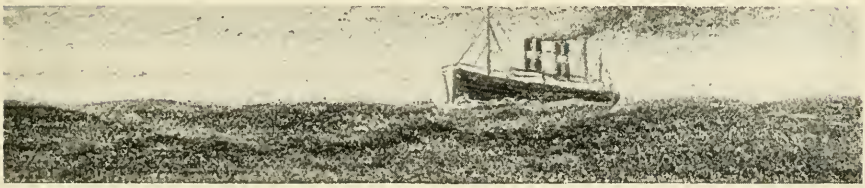
By pushing the advancing column

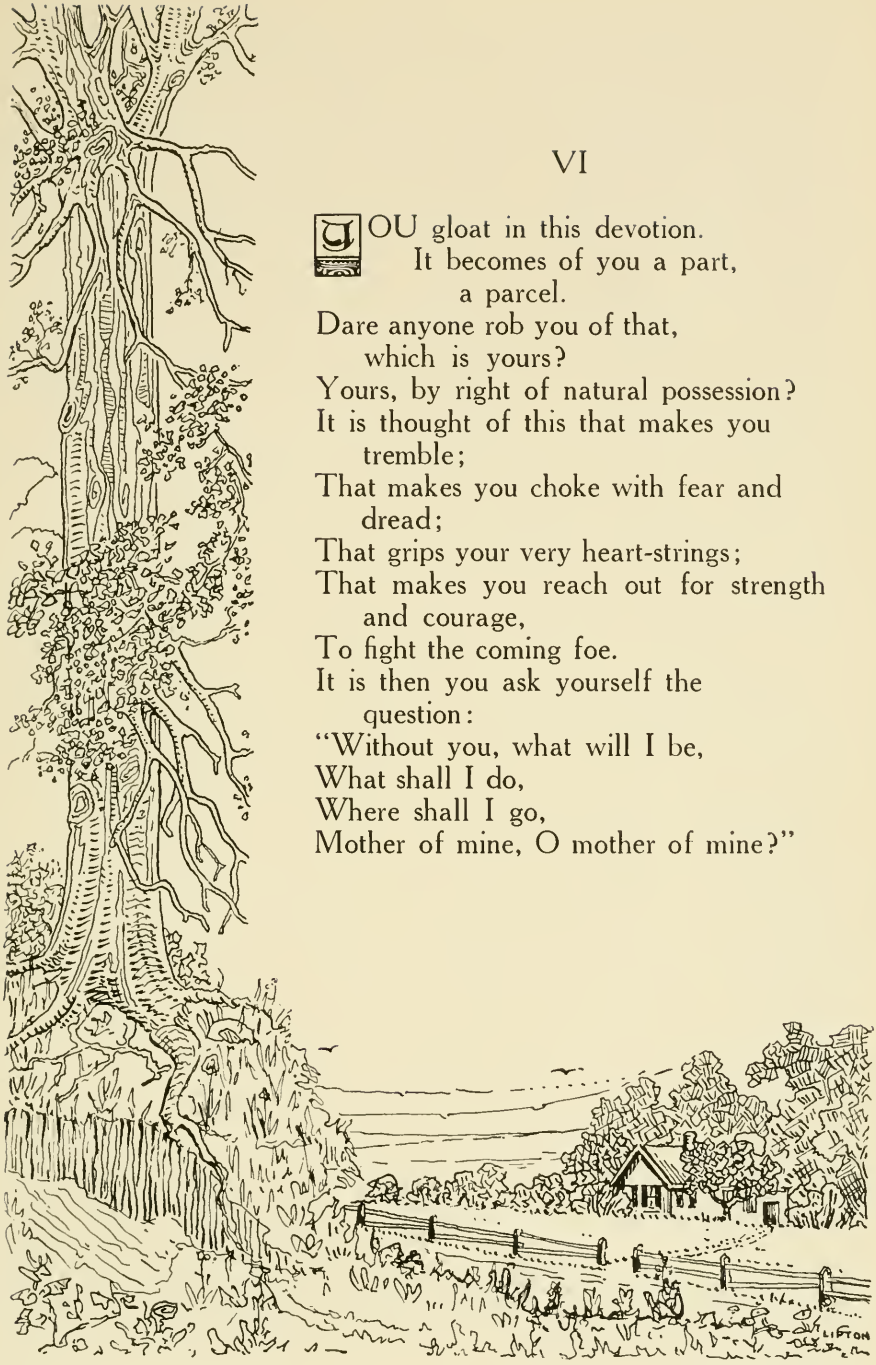
One step forward towards the promised goal.



V

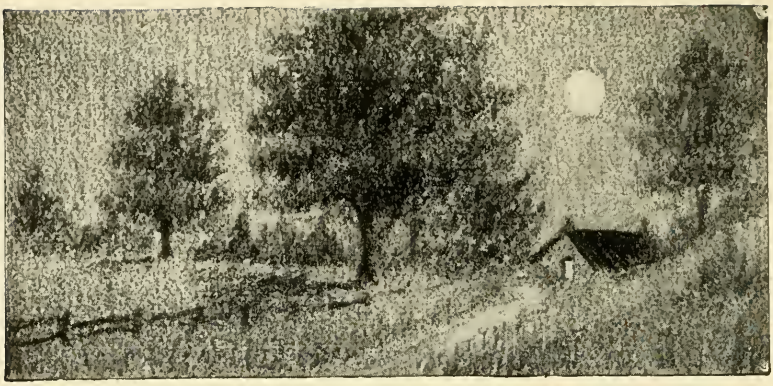
WHAT else in life is there,
other than this?
What a game it is, transforming failures
into successes;
Losses into gains, for the satisfaction it gives
In pleasing the fancy of the one you love;
To brighten the eyes of the one who
idolizes you
And thinks you wonderful, when, in reality,
you know you are not.
How in secret thought you glory in this
adoration;
What a feeling of intense satisfaction and
contentment
Permeates your very being when you realize,
That there is at least one, who has
faith in you,
One who would toil, slave and die that you
may live,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!





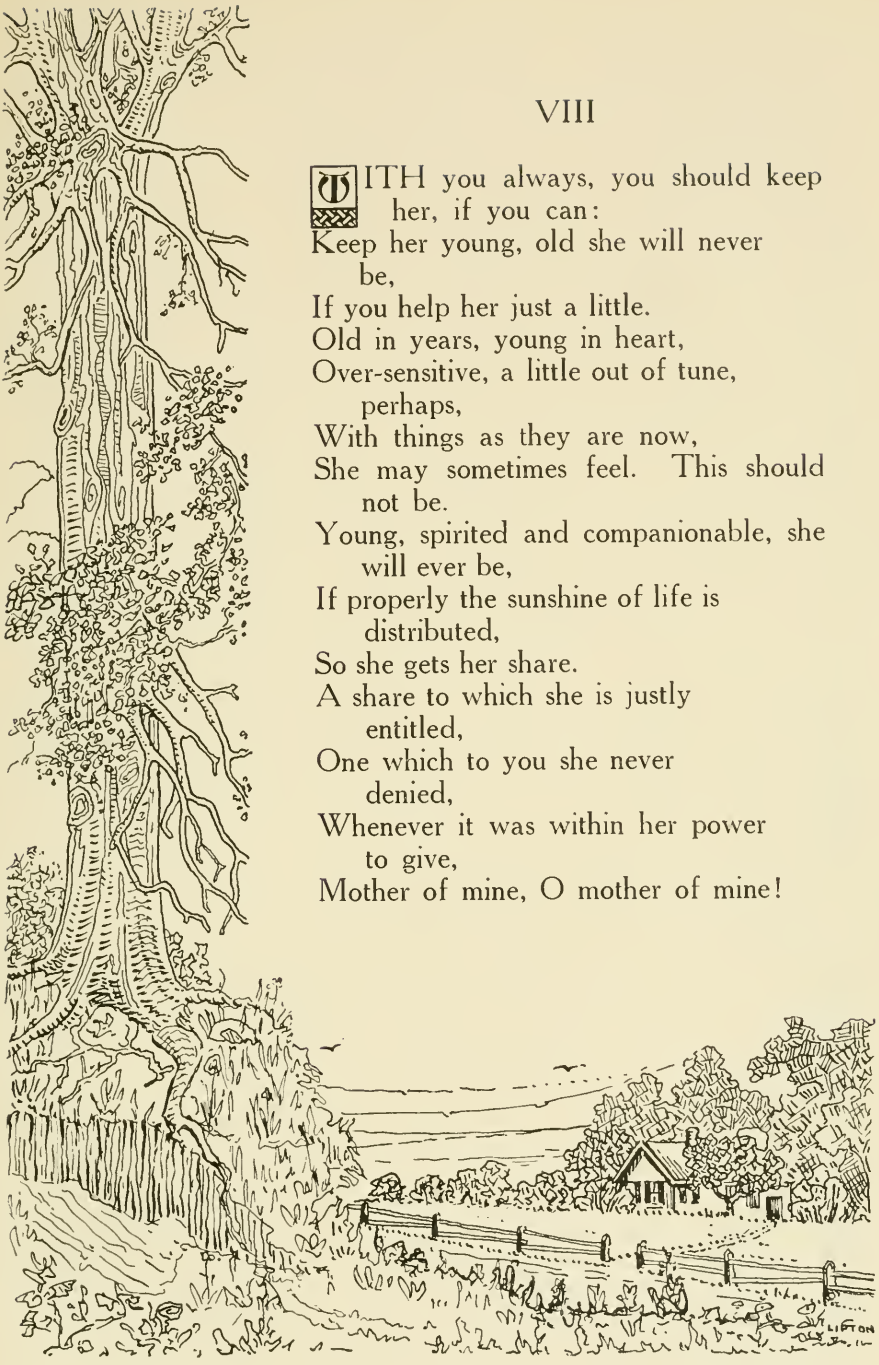
VI

YOU gloat in this devotion.
It becomes of you a part,
a parcel.
Dare anyone rob you of that,
which is yours?
Yours, by right of natural possession?
It is thought of this that makes you
tremble;
That makes you choke with fear and
dread;
That grips your very heart-strings;
That makes you reach out for strength
and courage,
To fight the coming foe.
It is then you ask yourself the
question:
"Without you, what will I be,
What shall I do,
Where shall I go,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine?"



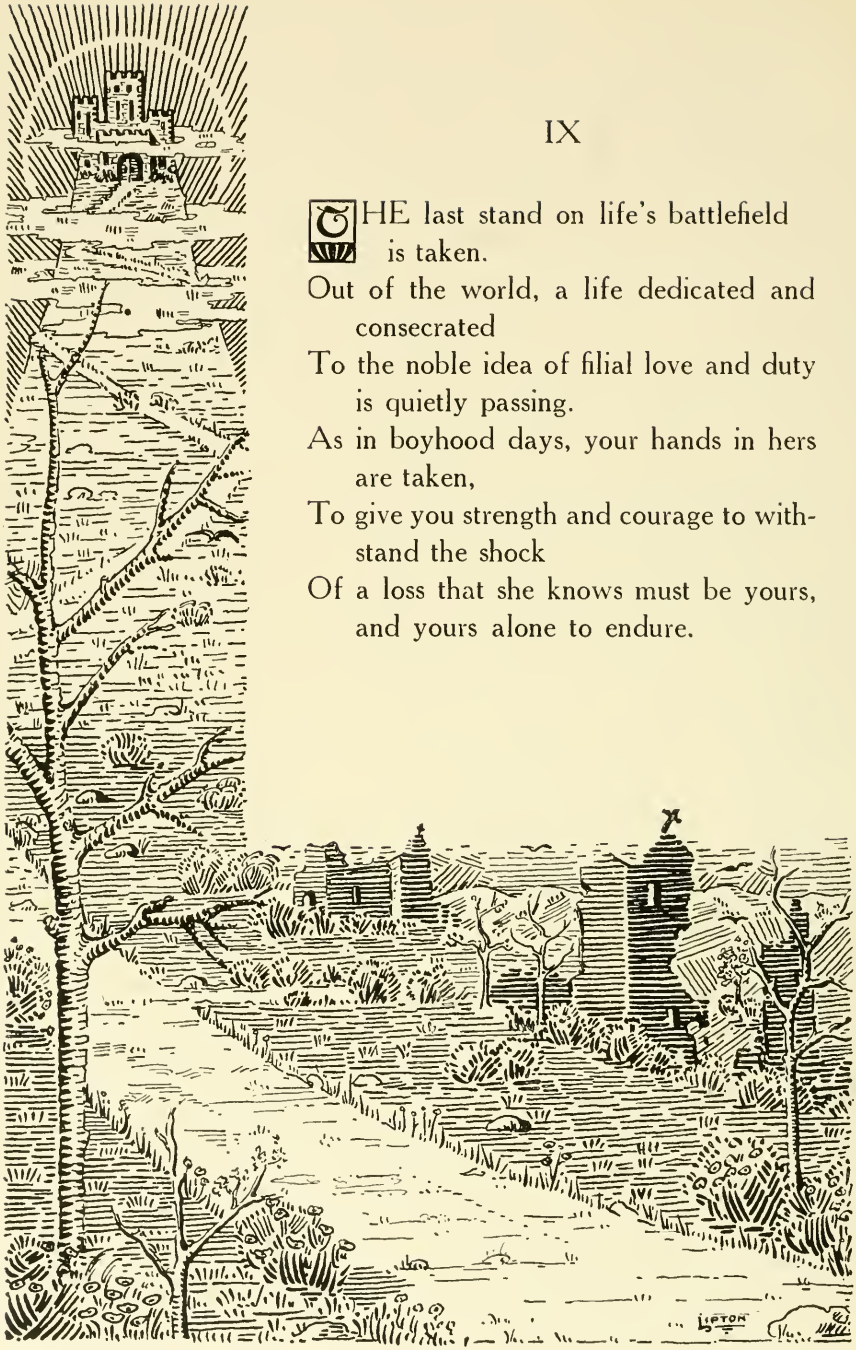
VII

HOW beautiful she becomes as old in
years she grows,
In the strength, dignity and pride of a
character
Chastened and softened by the bitter losses of
the past,
Sweetened by the beautiful memories of
the long ago.
Closer and closer to you she clings,
For, perhaps, you are the only one left
To feed a hungry heart.
To her, an idol, a wonder, a marvel
you become,
In whatever you say or do,
In ever act and deed.
Do not disillusion her, for you could not if
you would,
And you would not if you could,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!



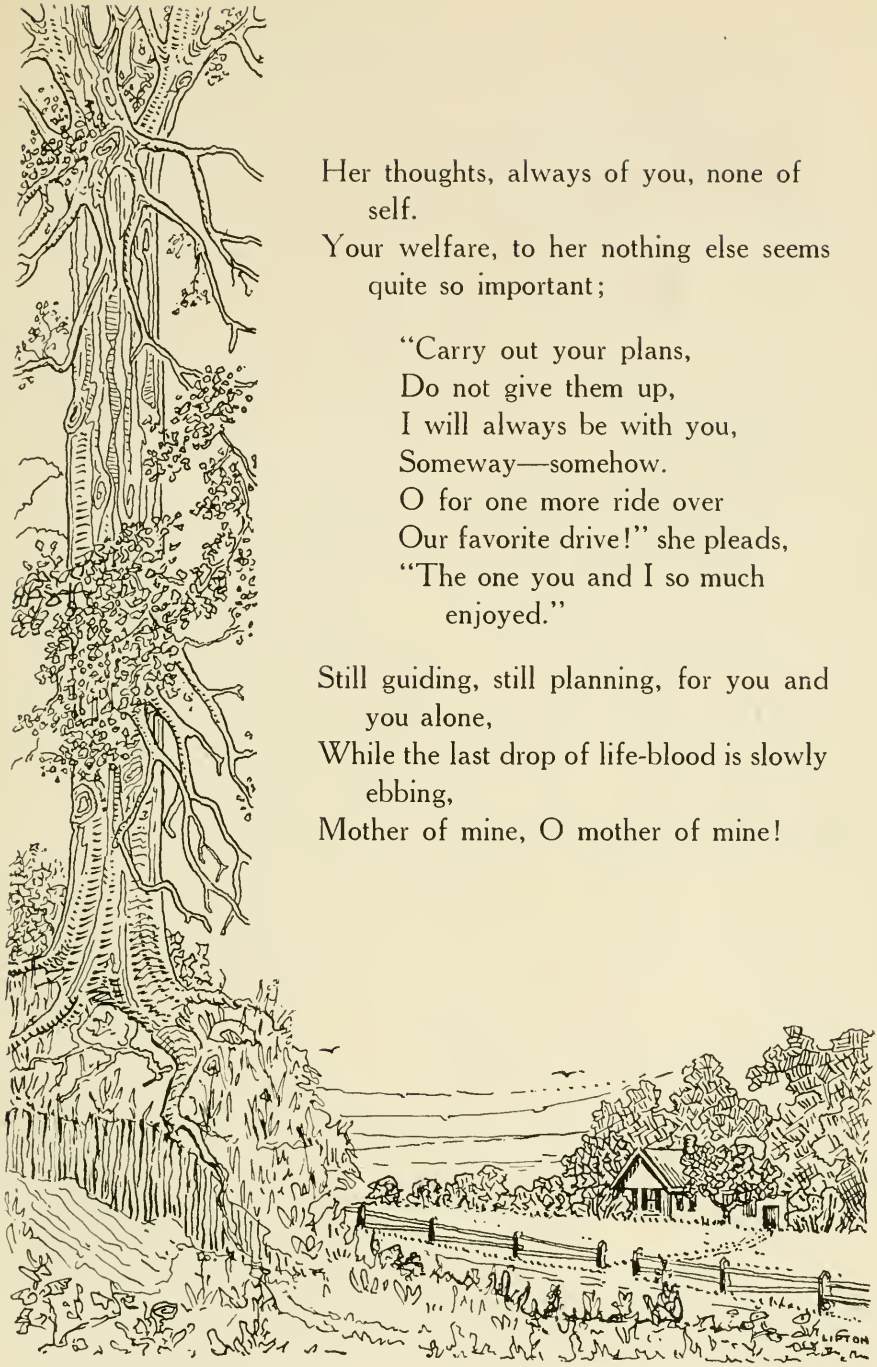
VIII

WITH you always, you should keep
her, if you can:
Keep her young, old she will never
be,
If you help her just a little.
Old in years, young in heart,
Over-sensitive, a little out of tune,
perhaps,
With things as they are now,
She may sometimes feel. This should
not be.
Young, spirited and companionable, she
will ever be,
If properly the sunshine of life is
distributed,
So she gets her share.
A share to which she is justly
entitled,
One which to you she never
denied,
Whenever it was within her power
to give,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!



IX

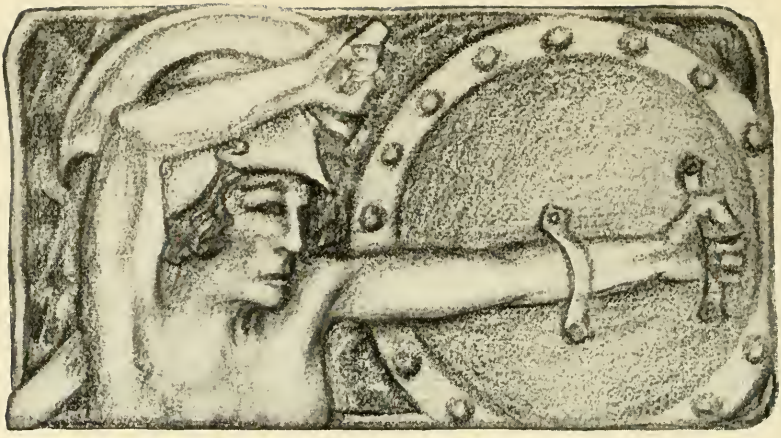
THE last stand on life's battlefield
is taken.
Out of the world, a life dedicated and
consecrated
To the noble idea of filial love and duty
is quietly passing.
As in boyhood days, your hands in hers
are taken,
To give you strength and courage to with-
stand the shock
Of a loss that she knows must be yours,
and yours alone to endure.



Her thoughts, always of you, none of self.
Your welfare, to her nothing else seems quite so important;

"Carry out your plans,
Do not give them up,
I will always be with you,
Someway—somehow.
O for one more ride over
Our favorite drive!" she pleads,
"The one you and I so much enjoyed."

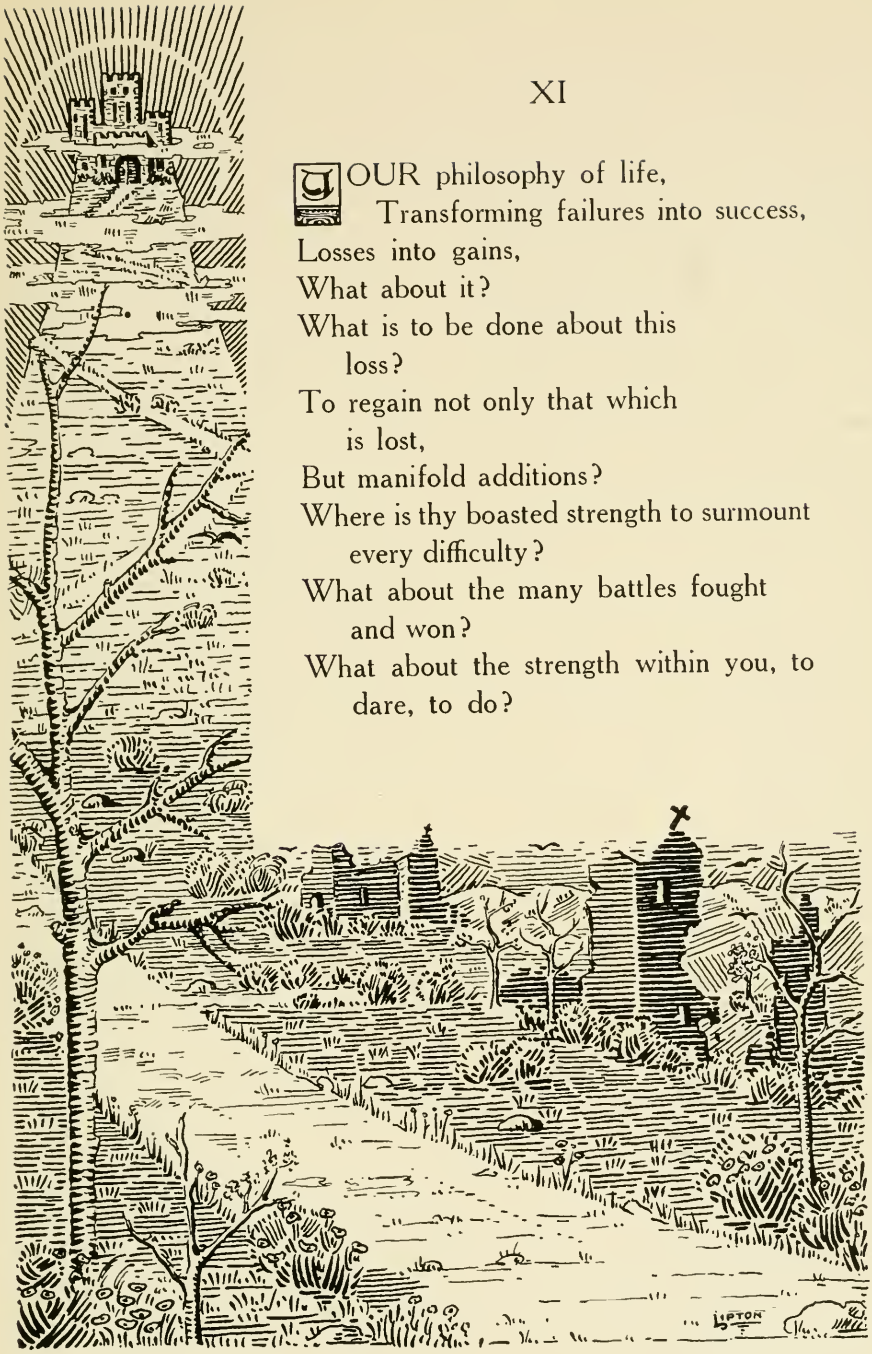
Still guiding, still planning, for you and you alone,
While the last drop of life-blood is slowly ebbing,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!



X

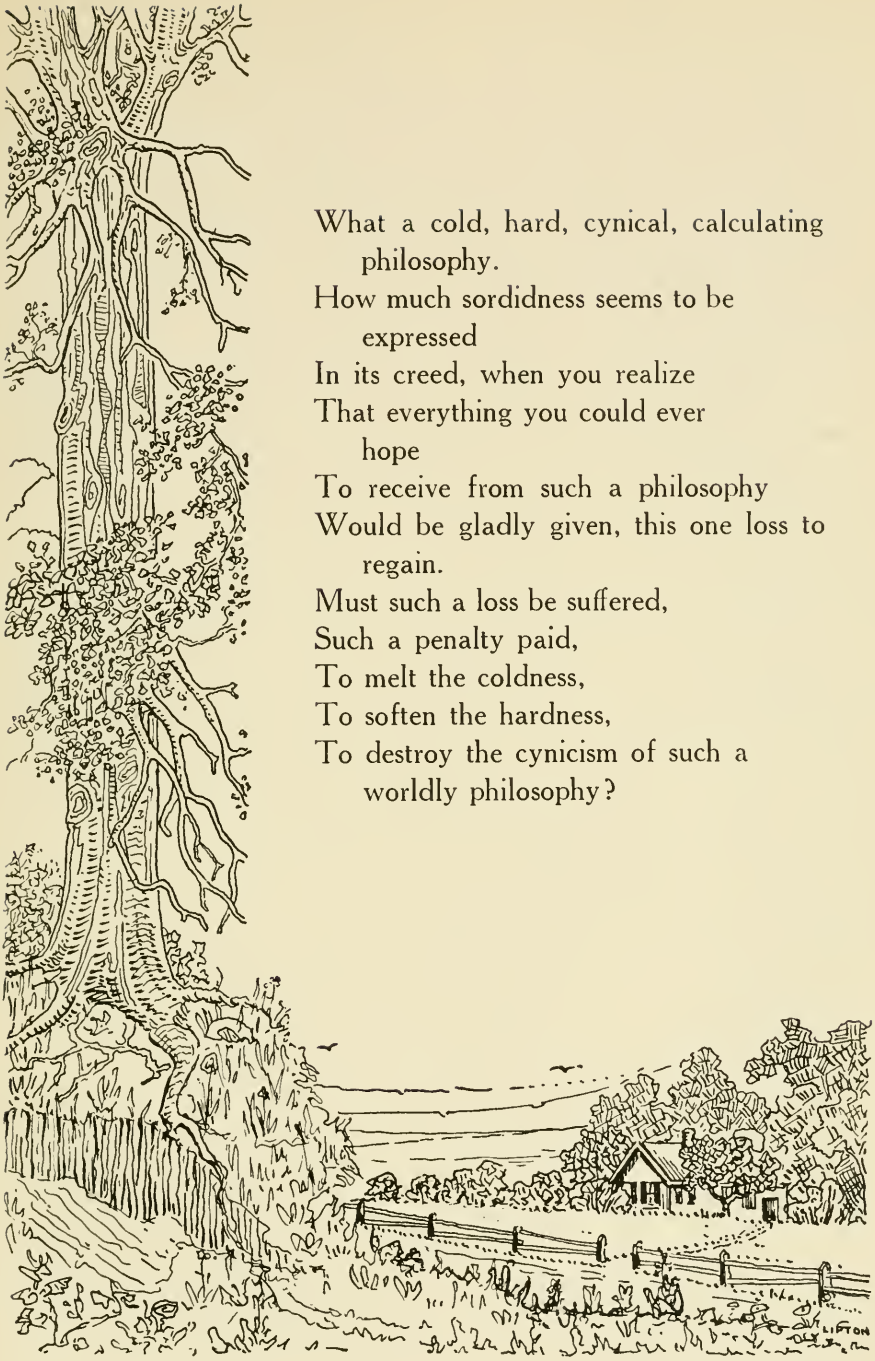
DO soldier, strong, in battle array,
In more heroic mould was ever cast,
Than she who has fought, suffered and sacrificed;
Endured pangs, heartaches and distress,
So strongly, so bravely, so silently,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!

LIPTON

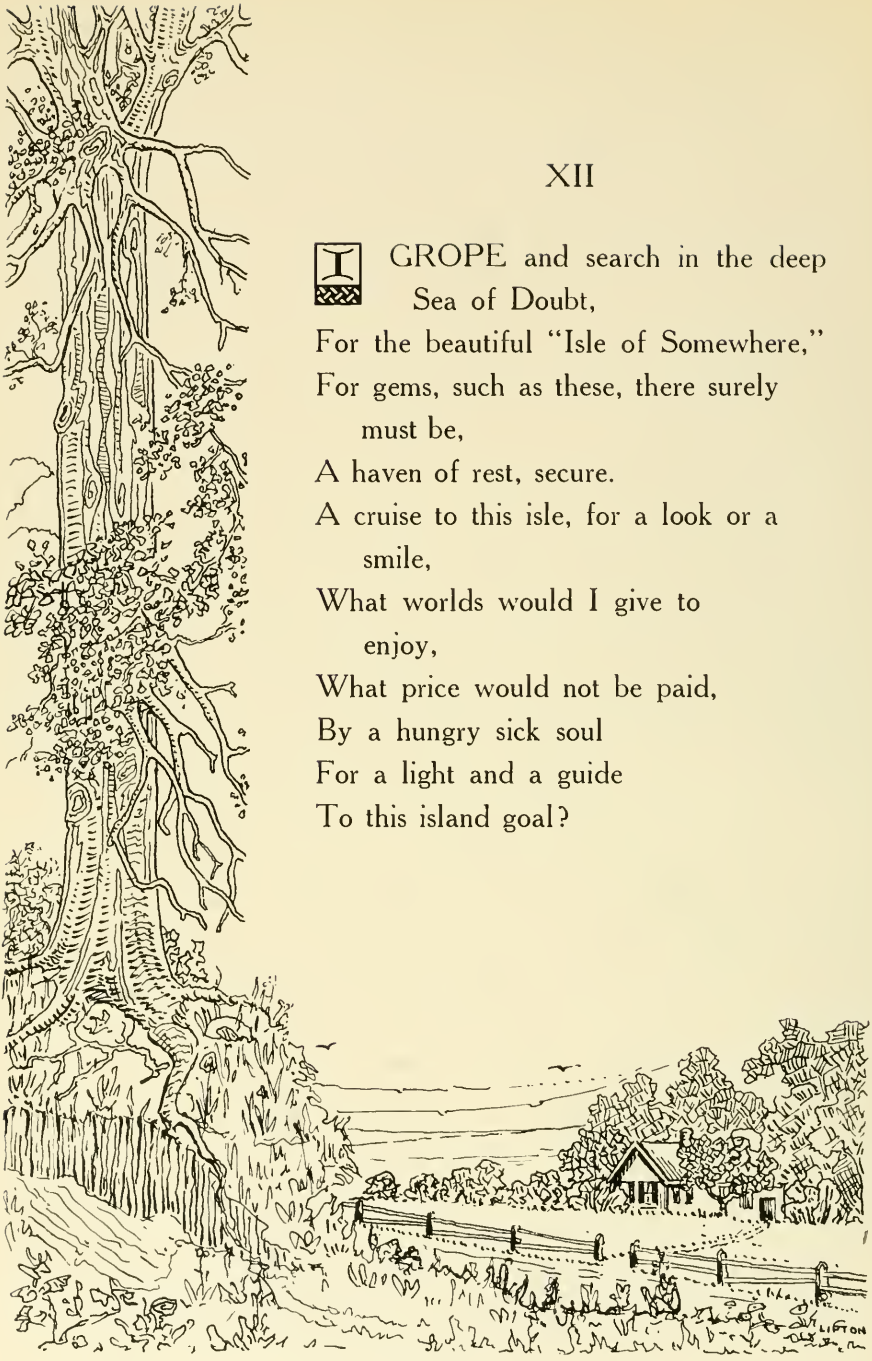


XI

YOUR philosophy of life,
Transforming failures into success,
Losses into gains,
What about it?
What is to be done about this
loss?
To regain not only that which
is lost,
But manifold additions?
Where is thy boasted strength to surmount
every difficulty?
What about the many battles fought
and won?
What about the strength within you, to
dare, to do?



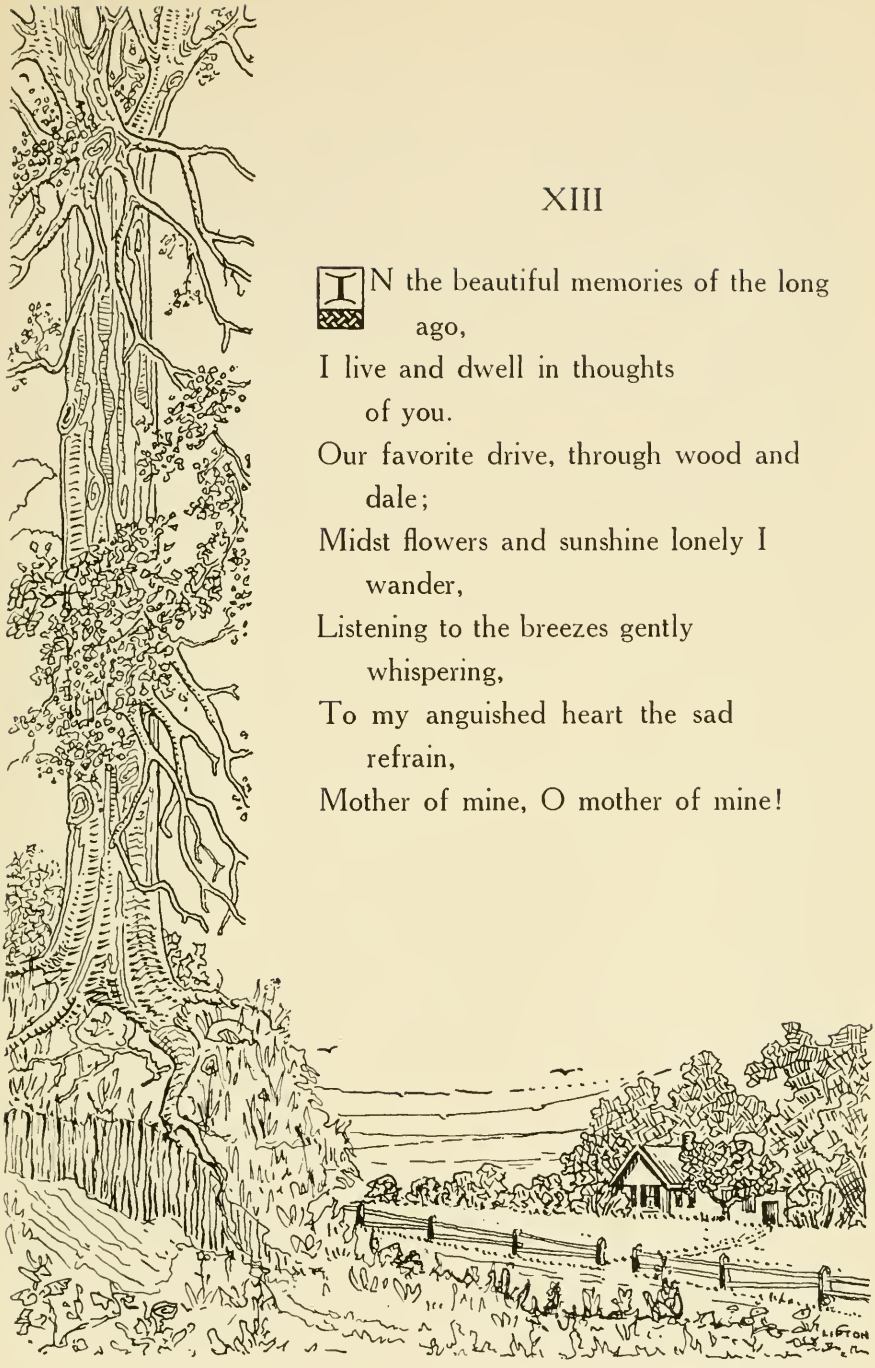
What a cold, hard, cynical, calculating
philosophy.
How much sordidness seems to be
expressed
In its creed, when you realize
That everything you could ever
hope
To receive from such a philosophy
Would be gladly given, this one loss to
regain.
Must such a loss be suffered,
Such a penalty paid,
To melt the coldness,
To soften the hardness,
To destroy the cynicism of such a
worldly philosophy?



XII

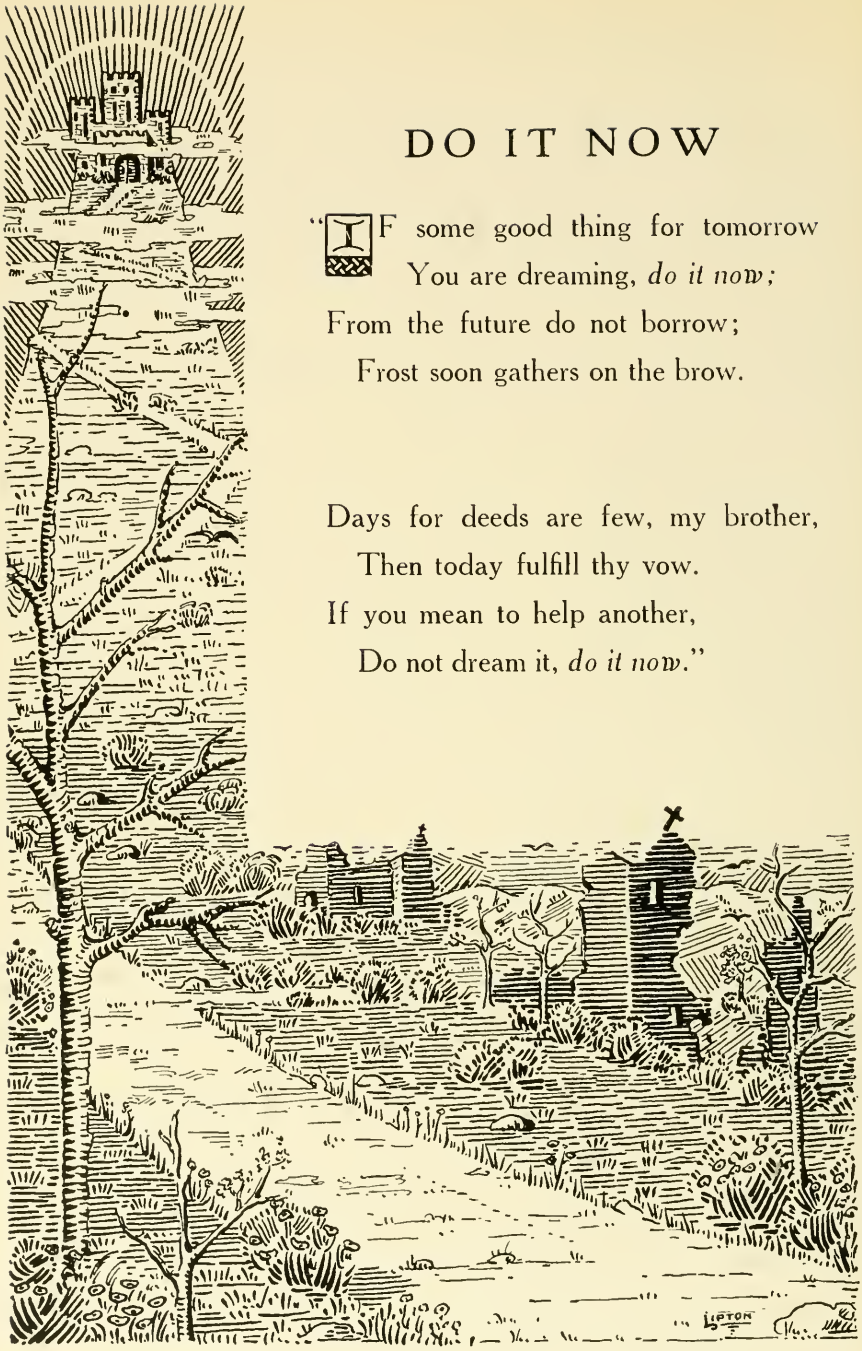
I GROPE and search in the deep
Sea of Doubt,
For the beautiful "Isle of Somewhere,"
For gems, such as these, there surely
must be,
A haven of rest, secure.
A cruise to this isle, for a look or a
smile,
What worlds would I give to
enjoy,
What price would not be paid,
By a hungry sick soul
For a light and a guide
To this island goal?

LIPTON



XIII

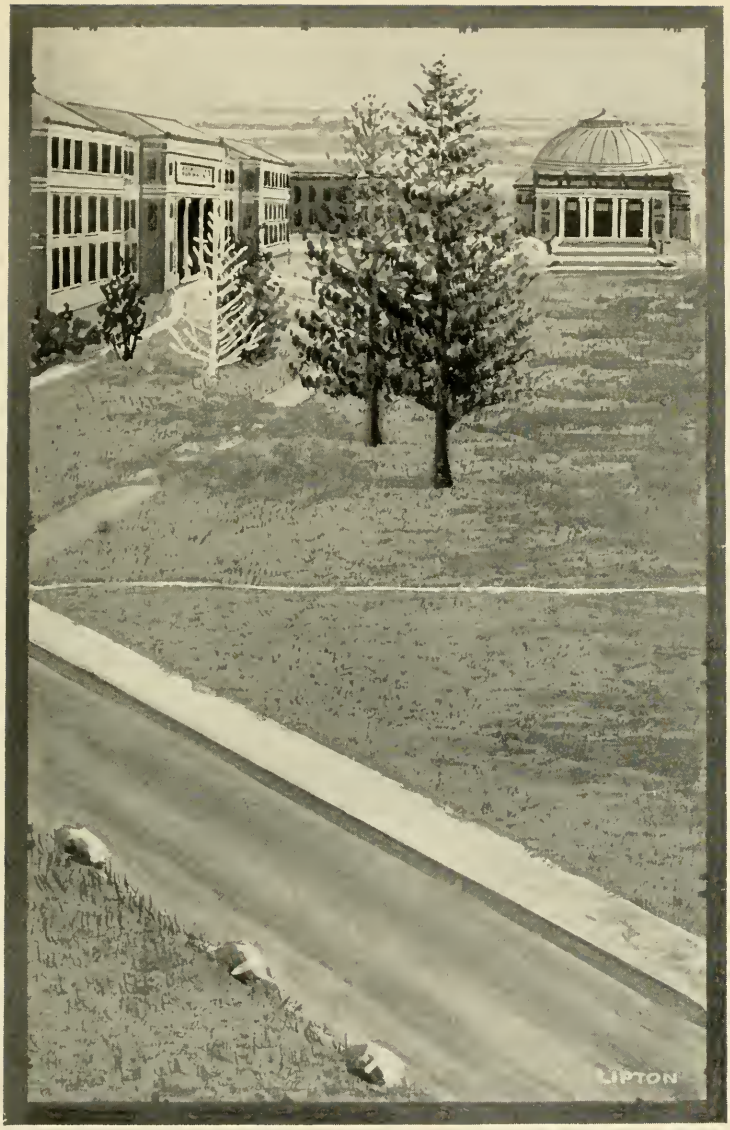
IN the beautiful memories of the long
ago,
I live and dwell in thoughts
of you.
Our favorite drive, through wood and
dale;
Midst flowers and sunshine lonely I
wander,
Listening to the breezes gently
whispering,
To my anguished heart the sad
refrain,
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!



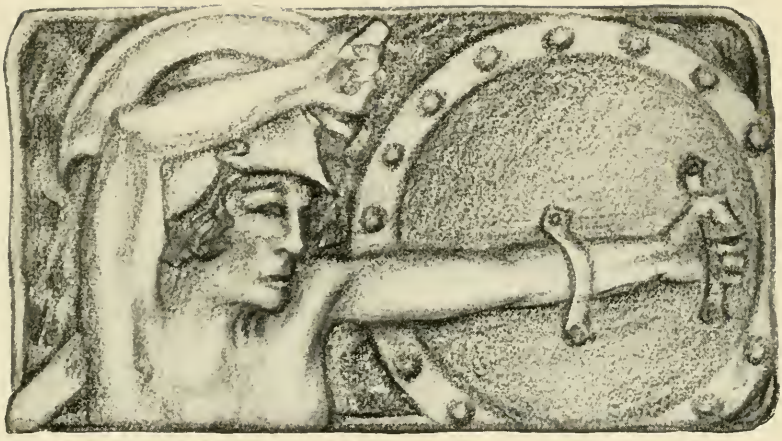
DO IT NOW

"IF some good thing for tomorrow
You are dreaming, *do it now;*
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then today fulfill thy vow.
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it, *do it now.*"


LIPTON

"THE mossy marbles rest
On the lips he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."



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